

Haunted

Will I ever be free
 Of the things I have done?
 Regret is creeping like a spider
 Across my white pillow case.
 Up over my cheek bone and eyelids.
 It stretches its long, delicate legs
 Across every inch of me.
 And whether I am consumed
 Or possessed by it I do not know.
 I swear your words
 Will never be silenced.
 Your face never forgotten.
 Regret has spun its web inside my heart,
 Too tangled now to ever be undone.
 And in it, it will catch and steal
 Every moment from me.
 My life will always be laced with you.
 I am haunted.

Substitutes

Here on the shore
 In the gray of ocean mist
 I miss the South.
 The scent of pine on the
 Warm morning breeze.
 The cotton and sweet tea,
 The slow simplicity.
 Here I have seaweed and coffee
 Salt air and a fresh start.
 Here, I have new things.
 To fill the ghostly spaces
 Of old memories and cherished items.
 But I knew love south of
 The Mason-Dixon line.
 And there ain't no replacement
 For that.

Rising Tide

The tide is coming in.
 You are here
 I am afraid.
 The paint is peeling,
 Lifting and twisting away from the sheet rock
 So the walls can get a better listen.
 The floorboards are silent as stones
 And I am scared to breathe.
 You might be vapor
 So if I exhale,
 If I disturb the air at all, you may vanish.
 I'm still so wounded, so untrusting.
 The water is rising,
 The smell of salt wraps around me.
 And still I refuse to take a breath.
 I don't want you gone so here you are.
 Offering no answers, no morning mist.
 Just silent nights and empty lungs.

Advice

I wish heartbreak was brief
 But it never is.
 A good heartbreak is like a good love.
 Important.
 So remember,
 Never dye your hair when you're upset.
 Resist the temptation to text.
 Never look back, you can't go back.
 Burn bridges.
 If they are necessary, you'll rebuild them.
 Wear a seat belt when driving
 Under the influence of heartbreak.
 And when you really let go
 Be sure the only one bear witness is a radio.
 And only let them see you bleed once.
 Just so they know you're human.
 Don't panic love,
 Everything is going to be wonderful.

Perfect Sevens

Tonight the air is sparking with
 Electric sounds and chemistry.
 I watch the waves on the beach
 Pulse purple,
 Whispering names of lovers past.
 Paper airplanes ride the glitter breeze
 With diamond bugs and sugar cubes
 While bells roll slowly down the pavement
 Calling home the children one by one.
 The ribbons in my hair hang loose.
 I belong to no man.
 The waves change green and slide over the sand
 Carelessly tossing dice over foam and rocks,
 Rolling perfect sevens.
 I open my mouth and the loveliest song
 Slips out in a sigh.

Tuesday's Aftermath



by Erica Knowles

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Origami Poetry Projects

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